Edward, Earl of Sandwich

Ingratitude Revengd:

OR,

A POEM

UPON THE

HAPPY VICTORY

OF HIS

Majesties Naval Forces

AGAINST THE

DUTCH;

June the 3. and 4. 1665.

Under the Auspicious CONDUCT of His

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

JAMES DUKE of YORK,

Lord High Admiral of *England, &c.*

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor,
Contentus paucis lectoribus. ——— Horat.

LONDON:
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UMI

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

JAMES

Duke of York & Albanie,

Earl of *Ulster*, Conſtable of *Dover* Caſtle, Lord Warden of the *Cinque-Ports*, Governor of the Town of *Portſmouth*, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*, Lord High *Admiral* of *England*, *Ireland* and *Wales*, and the Dominions and Iſlands thereto belonging, of the Town of *Calis*, and Marches of the ſame; of *Normandy*, *Gaſcoigne*, and *Aquitane*; And One of His *Majeſties* Moſt Honorable Privy *Council*.

May it pleaſe Your Highneſs,

THough I may be ſuppoſed to undertake vainly, like him, who would needs read Lectures of Martial Stratagems to the Great Carthaginian, yet Your Highneſs *his innate Candour, and Command in the late*

Happy

Happy Victory, obliged me to proſtrate theſe Lines at Your feet. And in this Pamphlet *is as much dutiful Affection, as if it were a greater* Volume *of the Authors, who humbly implores the honour to ſubſcribe himſelf,*

Your *ROYAL HIGHNESS*

Moſt obedient

Servant,

William Smith.

INGRA-

INGRATITUDE REVENG'D.

SCarce had poor *Holland* baffl'd potent *Spain*,
When ſhe uſurps upon the ſpacious Main;
And (oh ingrateful!) firſt affronts that *Crown*,
Whoſe Pow'r alone kept her from ſinking down,
Whoſe kinder pity and relieving grace,
Stampt *High and Mighty* on her *Braſen-face*.
So the revived Snake ſeeks to deſtroy
That Life, by which ſhe did her own enjoy.
No ſooner had our miſ-imployed Sword
Diſſolv'd their Yoke, expell'd their *Nat'ral Lord*,
But (oh perfidious!) theſe *Dutch Fiſher-men*
Their Patrons quite forget, demonſtrate plain
How they'l requite us. And our Merchants finde
To whom i'th *Indies* they had been ſo kinde.
Their baſeneſs had un-ſheath'd our * *Sov'reign's* Blade, * King *James*
If th' *High and Mighty* had not quickly made
Humble Requeſts for Peace; which got, how ſoon
Broke? witneſs *Lantoree* and *Poleroon*,
And that unparallel'd dire Cruelty
AMBOYNA ſaw, of all the Epitomy.
Not any Heathen, any Chriſtian Prince,
But breaking Leagues, they have abuſed ſince;
And if their ſly Endeavors had not fail'd,
The World from *Holland* muſt have all *retayl'd*.
His Sacred *MAJESTY* now taking Care,
A Neſt of *Pyrats* ſhould not Chriſtians ſcare,
(A Crew of Infidels, that domineers
In thieving *Tunis*, and in proud *Argiers*)

With th' *Dutch* contracts by joyned Power t' invade
Theſe Vile Obſtructors of all Publique Trade.
But (oh! the like can any Age produce?)
Theſe treacherous *Toads* with *Argiers* ſtrikes a Truce;
Intending to make *LONDON* ſtoop as low
To pedling *Amſterdam*, as *Antwerp* now.
When Reparation's ſought for, with freſh throngs
They do requite us of renewed Wrongs,
And will with Arms, and armed Fleets maintain,
Forgetting their *laſt Fate*, their Pride again.
All this yet our Heroick *Neptune* views
With un-diſturbed looks, no paſſion ſhews;
Yet doth at laſt with a Majeſtick Frown
Tell them, *Myn Heer* muſt vail to th' *Engliſh Crown*.
Now is His *ROYAL HIGHNESS* out at Sea,
And wondring *Thetis* is amaz'd to ſee
Whole *Forreſts* float upon her face,
Whileſt her ſoft Boſom moving *Caſtles* grace.
Neptune diſpleas'd to finde his *Tritons* caught
Within a *Wooden City*, lab'ring ſought
To make's Eſcape, cryes out; Here's one that reigns
O're me, and bindes my vaſter arms in chains;
Here's he, who Rules as far as Windes do blow,
Or winged Fleets upon my Surface go;
Whoſe weighty Navies make my ſhoulders crack,
Whoſe daring *Subjects* plough my ample back,
Who have toucht all by their Diſcoveries,
That riſing, or that ſetting *Phœbus* ſees.
Then his affrighted head th' aſtoniſh'd *God*
Sunk down again into his moiſt Abode.
Now had kinde *Zeph'rus* with auſpicious Gales
Stretch'd out our *Canvas*, fill'd our pregnant *Sayls*,
And in triumphant order wafted o're
Our well-mann'd Fleet to view the *Belgian* ſhore,
Our ſtill-victorious *Flags* there riding, made
The poor *Dutch Lyon* ſhrink into a ſhade.
Straight angry *Corus* doth uſurp the *Deep*,
Their Feſtivals the wanton *Porpus* keep,

Preſaging

Preſaging Storms; but ours, ſome Tackling loſt,
Recover ſafe again the *Britiſh* Coaſt:
Theſe Storms at laſt the bragging *Dutch* bring out,
Storms or more kinde or cruel, is a doubt,
Which though permitting to joyn with their Friends,
Hurry'd them on to their approaching ends.
* Unwilling *Phœbus* ſlowly haſtened,
As very loth to leave his *Eaſtern* Bed,
Deſiring rather to eclipſe his Ray,
Than view the Slaughters of th' enſuing day.
Heavens ſmaller *Lights* then ſeem'd to ceaſe to burn,
Dreading the ancient *Chaos* might return.
And now our Fleet bears up, enrag'd (they ſay)
That Winds and Ocean were more calm than they.
The *Cyclades* you might have then believ'd,
Torn from their firm Foundations, had been heav'd
On the rude Waves; or that vaſt Mountains had
Strongly 'gainſt Mountains there encountered;
Or two unfixed *Towns*, or floating *Woods*,
Or *Iſlands* rolling on the curled Floods.
The War-preſaging Trumpet and loud Drum,
In horrid accents tell the *Dutch We come*;
Who after *Brandy-wine* and *Gunpowder*
Had well provok't their *duller Souls* draw near,
Such Morning-Draughts *Sarmatians* never take,
Nor thoſe that border on *Meotis* Lake;
The *Dutch* thoſe *Cannibals* intend t' out-vie,
As well in Barbariſm, as in Cruelty.
The Tyger, Lyon, Elephant and Bear,
The Leopard, Wolf, the Boar, the Dog appear
Fiercely advancing, threatning bloody ſtrife,
With an aſpect far grimmer than the Life,
Making depreſſed *Amphitrite* ſhow
A ſalvage Wilderneſs, or like unto
Old *Rome*'s great *Circus*, where theſe beaſts did breathe
Their laſt, in acting ſerious parts of Death.
The Tempeſt-breathing *Braſs* ſoon ſpoke aloud,
Muffling Day's Viſage in a dusky cloud,

* *Saturday the 3 of June, at three of the Clock in the morning.* 1665

Forthwith

Forthwith involving in a ſable Cloak
Contending Fleets, whileſt Seas lay hid in ſmoak;
And from its angry Mouth fierce Bullets flie,
Impartial Meſſengers of *Deſtinie.*
If ſome old *Greek*, or *Roman* Poet had
But heard this diſmal Noiſe, and view'd the ſad
And never-equall'd Slaughters here, no words
Had now been left us in the fam'd *Records*
Of *Troy* or *Thebs*; *Ulyſſes* ſtill had lay
Forgotten in his Native *Ithaca*:
Æneas too had un-remembred come
From the *Sigiean* ſhore to *Latium*;
Sicilian Ætna ne're had kept ſuch coil,
Nor the loud Cataracts of Seven-mouth'd *Nile.*
Fiercely each Ship in a reſolved Rage,
All terrors of grim Death forgot, engage;
Upon each other a tempeſtuous Shower
Of fatal *Broad-ſides* never-ceaſing powre,
Whileſt meagre Death (but then in Purple clad)
Is ſatiated with the wounds they made:
Croſs *Charon* rails at *him* with winged feet,
Becauſe he had not rigg'd him out a *Fleet*,
Or tallow'd his old Boat; Legions of Ghoſts
Vex the old *Sculler*, fill the *Stygian* Coaſts.
The ſenſe of Hearing is by hearing croſt,
All Fear by too much cauſe of fear is loſt;
The loud-mouth'd Cannons roaring ſilenc'd then
The groans of wounded, and of dying men:
Nought left but *Valour*, here's no way to run,
No means approaching Dangers left to ſhun,
Here all men know (if they come any more)
Their hands, not feet, muſt bring them to the ſhore.
Here might be ſeen a helpleſs *Pine*, had got
'Twixt winde and water an unlucky Shot;
But whileſt the colder Element ſteals in,
She burns; then a grand Combate doth begin
Between old *Neptune* and the *God* of Fire,
Till in the conquering Waves he muſt expire;

Mean

Mean while her men need take no care for Graves,
Both crackling Flames, and rough devouring Waves
Are ready; Death sits in's Majestick weeds,
The furious Bullets take away their Heads;
Next comes a whistling Chain-shot, sweeps away
Hundreds from *Vulcans* rage into the Sea;
Though different Planets, various Aspects reign'd
When they were born, they center in one end.
Let antique dayes forget their *Actium* now,
The stout *Agrippa* and *Augustus* too,
And let the *Legends* never more be seen
Of mad *Antonius*, or th' *Egyptian* Queen;
Nor let the *Austrian* Prince *Lepanto* name
His Naval Conquest, nor the *Turkish* shame.
Audacious *Opdam* toward the *Duke* does stear
His Gouty Limbs, included in a Chair,
Kindly salutes with his Broad-sides, and then
His *Highness* sharply answers him agen;
His *ROYAL HIGHNESS* on whose Conquering Brow
So many Naval *Coronets* shall grow.
Here's Eight of theirs with Four of ours engag'd;
* Never till now thus dire *Bellona* rag'd:
One Ball by a sad inauspicious blow,
Muskerry, *Boyl*, and loved *Falmouth* slew,
Close by His HIGHNESS, who undaunted stood,
Although besprinkled with their purple blood.
Now *Opdam*'s wounded, when a happy Shot
Alters the Scene, and spoils the present Plot.
Oh happy Shot! whose sure unerring blow
Reliev'd His HIGHNESS, and procured too
Brave *Smith* an Honor, and a lasting Name,
To live in the Eternal Books of Fame;
Whilest *Opdam*'s End, or th' *Oriana*'s Fate,
Shall be lamented by the *Hogen State*.
Now *Opdam*'s Ship takes fire, high thunder spoke,
Belching up horrid Waves of flames and smoke,
Obnubilating the disturbed Skies,
A pitchy Cloud of Powder roaring flies.

* *Saturday, 5 in the evening.*

Not ſo the vaſt *Enceladus* doth roar,
Shaking the Baſis o'th' *Trinacrian* ſhore,
VVhen from hot *Ætna*'s ſubterranean Caves,
Huge cinder'd Rocks, curl'd Flames and Fumes he heaves.
This Tempeſt bears up all; torn Members there
Of half-dead Mortals flie i'th yielding Air,
Uſing an Art beyond *Dedalian* skill,
To mount Air's Regions with no feathered Quill;
Men, Decks, Guns, Tackling, broken Planks and tall
Maſts, i'th' ſame *Chaos* are evolved all;
And into Step-dame *Thetis* muſt fall low,
As *Phaethon* into the River *Poe*.
Now might be ſeen upon the liquid Plain
Two Foes, though ſwimming, fierce t' engage again,
Strugling together, till both looſe their breath;
Poor ſouls! though foes in life, yet friends in death.
Two brothers ſhaking hands forſake the light,
Both ſlain together, take their laſt Good-night,
And dying thus in their own blood they lye,
Truely conjoyn'd in Conſanguinity.
Here's one whoſe Arms are gone, (then uſeful Limbs)
Yet wanting them (alas!) a while he ſwims,
Thinking to catch kinde Planks; till out of breath,
And wearied, armleſs he embraceth Death.
But you thrice Noble, thrice Illuſtrious *Souls*,
Whom immaturer Deſtiny Enrols
Dear Victims to your grateful *Countreys* good,
VVho for your *KING* and *Countrey* ſpent your blood,
How muſt we mourn you! Oh! thoſe colder VVaves
VVhereon you dy'd, whereon ſuch horror raves,
Are ſcarce with all their brackiſh Floods, Supplies
Enough to furniſh your lamenting Eyes!
Theſe *HEROES* knew it was a gallant toil
To loſe their Lives to ſave their *Native Soil*.
Theſe were our *Deeis*; let our *Matrons* mourn,
Let th' *Peoples* Hearts be their eternal Urn;
And, though the chiller *Seas* Entomb them now,
Tell the next Age what they, and theirs do owe

To ſuch Deſerts! whileſt in a doleful Knell
We give our *Salve*, and our laſt *Farewel*.
Oh happy *Worthies*! if my humble Pen
Could here have reacht the *old Poetick Strain*,
You ſhould have lived!——— Yet your laſting Fame
Shall be Eterniz'd by a purer *Flame*.

The *Dutch* thus worſted, and five *Admirals* ſlain,
Nine taken, Eighteen ſunk, they ſtrive to gain
The *Texel* with the reſt; but many come
A great way ſhort of their deſired Home.

To His Majeſty.

But oh! *GREAT SIR*, the Title's due to You,
Of *Brittains Parent*, and its *Refuge* too!
In Your long, happy, and ſucceſsful Raign,
Saturnian Ages will return again.
You many careful Nights (*Great Prince*) do make,
That we may all our reſt ſecurely take.
You by Your Royal Care and Wiſdom, know
To guard us from our ſelves, and from our Foe.
The proudeſt Nations on the Globe muſt Greet,
With ſtooping Sayls, each Veſſel of the Fleet;
Whileſt by moſt Potent *Princes*, *YOU* alone
For the World's feared *Neptune* ſhall be known.

To the Duke of York.

And You, *Illuſtrious Sir*, by whoſe great Care
And happy Conduct we ſucceſsful are,
How many Naval *Honors*, Triumphs you,
And *Roſtrate Columns* doth your Countrey owe?
A Herd of Sheep with ſuch a Chieftain might
Tygers ſubdue, and Leopards put to flight;
How can the *Maſtiff* e're be conquered,
Whileſt there's a *Royal* Lyon for his Head?
VVhen *Thetis* ſaw you furrowing her Plains,
VVe may ſuppoſe ſhe us'd theſe kindeſt ſtrains.
Here's He, whoſe early Glories do out-run
The envy'd Luſtre of my VVarlike Son;
Whoſe worth in Honors-Field one hour declares
Greater, than he attained in ten yeans.

To Prince Rupert.

And, oh Heroick *Prince*, your Conduct too
Subdues proud *Holland*, with our Hearts alſo;

This

This Happy Victory can do no leſs,
Than Crown your former Labors with *Succeſs*.
Brave *Sandwich*, *Lawſon*, *Aſcugh*, *Holms*, their Glory
Shall in our Annals have a living Story,
With all the reſt of thoſe bold *Worthies*, who
Reveng'd their injur'd Countrey on its Foe.

To the Two Houſes of Parliament.

And You, the Nobleſt *Patriots*, ever were
Within thoſe Walls, your wiſe foreſeeing Care,
With liberal hearts provide for freſh Supplies,
Knowing in Money War's beſt Sinews lyes.
What ſhall not *England* now not dare to do,
Embrac'd both by her *Sovereign* and You?

To the City of London.

And thou, oh ſtately *City*, whoſe fair face
Minerva, *Mercury*, *Bellona* grace,
Whoſe *Arms* and *Arts* aſtoniſh'd *Europe* owns,
Whoſe *Trade* the frigid and the torrid *Zones*,
VVhoſe double-named River kindly brings
[As Tribute] uſeful, and all precious things,
Rich *Indian* Harveſts, what is rare or ſtrange,
Whileſt his tranſparent Stream's the *Worlds Exchange*,
Thy helping hand was here. What though * that's gone
Which bore thy Name? thy willing heart builds one
Greater than She, whom angry *Fates* no more
Reſolv'd ſhould terrifie the *Belgick* ſhore.

* London *Frigat.*

Oh may thou flouriſh ſtill ſecure from Foes,
VVhileſt lucid *Thames* in his Meanders goes
Through reedy Banks; but ſlowly haſt'ning thus,
To the Embraces of *Oceanus*.

FINIS.